The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR

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. . EDITORIALS . .

OF EDITORS AND THEIR ACCOMPLICES

HOLIDAY season is a happy time for school editors. We have seen no less than forty editorials, all laborious developments of the staid and tried theme that we shouldn't regard Thanksgiving as a day upon which we are given turkey to eat, but that we should take inventory of all the things for which we should be thankful, and render thanks accordingly. Followed by a list of favors, and a happy moral, the result is very pretty. What with Christmas and the new year coming on, we may look forward to forty more editorials telling us that Christmas is not an institution whereby we receive presents, but that,—etc, etc. Result also very pretty. Gone are the astute observations that we are back in school, gone are the exhortations to do great things in scholastic endeavor, and gone are the grave platitudes about the fighting football team, the value of the rooting section, and school spirit. When Christmas is over, nothing remains but that we must moralize about Lincoln, Washington, and Easter, render the same good offices to baseball as have been rendered football, prate the perennial sentimentalism about graduation, and clap ourselves on the back for a job well done.

Each school must have its official purveyor of this twaddle, and very few succeed in throwing an aura of apparent originality of thought about the conventional, bloodless themes. Such as do are hailed as striking works of youthful genius and such as don't are regarded as pleasant indications of youthful conservatism, but whether they do or they don't, a man of good understanding would scan the length and breadth of them in vain for the slightest inkling of a sound idea. And the school papers go blithely on, with no concern over their stupidity, and apparently no chance of being brought to their senses by any outside influence. Of course, there are those among us to whom news is not tiresome, and to them the school newspaper is a worthy project. And there are others whose critical sense is no better than their creative sense, and upon them the literary journal is not lost. But to a student who derives no pleasure from reading news at least three or four days after he has found it out for himself, and no pleasure out of reading essays and stories in which he can perceive an abysmal lack of finesse, even though he couldn't remedy the defect himself, the school paper appears to be a very tiresome project indeed, and the contributors rather fatuous pretenders.

The idea persists, however, that it is far better to have a stupid paper than none at all, and perhaps the idea is right—who knows? Still, there is nothing to prevent those who are dissatisfied with the present state of affairs to make honest efforts at a more satisfactory arrangement. In case they might have overlooked something in their analysis, the following might help: The present system of collecting, correcting, and presenting material is faulty. It's faulty because editors are incapable, lazy, and dumb, and because contributors are also incapable, lazy, and dumb. Both editors and contributors are all these things because they are exposed to an educating influence which doesn't in any case take with any startling success, and which in a good many cases only slightly phases the subject. And since the success of this system of exposure depends entirely too much on the students, some radical departures must be made before school journalism can be a healthy reflection of healthy educational activity.

II.

FROM three or four sources we have received requests to consider one of the wise sallies of Mr. Arthur Brisbane. Why we were requested is not quite clear, as the gentlemen who were anxious to have the eminent columnist considered are under no delusions whatever as to the worth of our opinions. However, now is as good a time as any to dispose of Mr. Brisbane and his ilk. Once and for all, we refuse to consider, seriously or otherwise, anything he says; he never has, and in all likelihood never will, say anything worth considering.

Four or five years ago there was an article in The Collegian taking Mr. Rupert Hughes at his own estimated value, and ponderously refuting him on his own ground; we have even gone so far as to twit a popular theory advanced by Mr. Bruno Lessing; but we hope to be present at the lynching of The Collegian editor who has so little judgment as to engage in a serious criticism of Mr. Brisbane's daily strip of nonsense.

The error of composing diatribes against, or taking briefs for, ideas or theories which can't be propped up, much less stand on their own feet, is an indication of immaturity, and though the diatribes or briefs may give promise of saner opinions to follow, the high school, and not the college should be the clearing ground for such practices. That most high school graduates haven't cleared their minds of such cant is regrettable, but until they do, college authorities should insist that they keep their discoveries to themselves. Entirely too much material for dull writing is afforded by the subjects considered in the first article on this page, without exploring the limitless inanities of the public oracles. The conviction that these oracles and their sayings are inane is easy enough of attainment, and doesn't require the constant attention of college writers. With the awakening, however slight, of cultural appreciation, the true estimation of Mr. Brisbane, Mrs. Glyn, Mr. Howe, et al., is concomitant, and no amount of writing can hasten this awakening, nor help its development, and as for undertaking any comprehensive refutation of these oracles, the impossibility of the project speaks for itself.

BROTHER EDMUND

THE message of Brother Edmund's unexpected death was indeed a surprise to many of his friends, who will surely miss his cheerful smile and winning ways. The call of the Master though sudden, found His servant prepared to heed it, and though we regret his loss, for loss he surely is, we are consoled by the thought of his life well spent.

Born in Adair, Missouri, in 1866, and a graduate of the Franciscan College in Springfield, Illinois, Brother Edmund joined the Christian Brothers in 1892 and made his novitiate at the Brother's Training School, Martinez, California. After completing his novitiate he taught at various schools of the Brothers and among others at those of Saint Joseph's Academy, Oakland and The Christian Brother's College, Sacramento. The last years of his life were spent in active service at Saint Mary's College, where he was taken ill on the twenty-ninth of November. Being removed to Providence hospital, he passed away there on the evening of the twenty-ninth of November. A solemn requiem Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel for the repose of his soul, and his eulogy was spoken by Brather Lally, who was an intimate friend of the deceased. His remains were interred in the Brothers' cemetery, Martinez, California.

In the death of Brother Edmund, the Brothers, and especially those of Saint Mary's College with whom he labored for many years with the zeal of a true Christian educator, experience a great loss. He was well liked by those who knew him, because of his cheerful disposition, his willingness to help others and his great devotion to the work in which he was engaged. Although suffering from ill health during the last years of his life, Brother Edmund never lost his cheerfulness and his devotion to the cause for which he labored, and to the very day of his last illness he was engaged in the work of education. His memory will long be cherished by those who came in contact with him and experienced the uplifting influence of his winning personality.

Those who knew Brother Edmund or who came under his guidance know with what enthusiasm and untiring energy he threw himself into his work. This no doubt accounts for the fact that he succeeded remarkably well in everything that he undertook. An earnest and enthusiastic educator, he was tremendously interested in those under his direction and did his utmost to aid and make them successful. In fact we can say nothing better of Brother Edmund than that he unselfishly spent himself for the good of others in the cause of Christian education, and in so doing proved himself a true and loyal son of St. John Baptist de la Salle.

Now that Brother Edmund has been removed from our midst, let us manifest our Christian charity and lively gratitude by remembering him in our prayers and good works.

—B. JEROME.

HE AWAITS

Whither rolls the boundless ocean,
Whither surge the billows wild,
Whither go the ships a-sailing—
Stealing past the harbored isle?

Onward, onward, roll oh! ocean,
Onward surge, oh! foam so white,
Onward press, both ebb and tide-flow—
Time rests not when all is bright.

Time and life, like ships a-gliding,
Here anon, yet swiftly past—
God awaits, all time abiding,
He knows best what things shall last.

—MARK AIKIN, '28.

WHY GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

The gigantic palace of the deep, "Franconia," slid from her moorings and under the skillful guidance of two tugs, crawled out into San Francisco Bay. As the Red Star liner was towed from the pier, the multi-colored streamers were broken and now fluttered in the air.

To a youth who stood at the rail wistfully gazing at the broken off ends, the act resembled the rending of all home ties that bound one to land. Slowly and majestically the ocean-bound steamer made her way up the bay. Now under her own steam, in the wake of the pilot boat, she throbbed through the Golden Gate and out into the broad Pacific. The youth felt his heart throb even faster than the powerful engines that drove the ship southward to Rio de Janeiro. The huge swells the boat cut through were but ripples compared to the one he felt in his throat.

Hal Sterling still leaned on the rail straining his eyes in sight of the fast fading coast line. The gazer's eyes were watery either from the strain imposed upon them or because of the emotions working within his breast. He had just graduated from college last month. Mr. R. Sterling, a leading jeweler of San Francisco, in an attempt to educate his son in the business, had sent him as a salesman to South America. Contrary to his usually judicious actions, he, in the minds of the other salesmen, played favoritism and not experience when he selected his son. Imagine allowing a twenty-two year old youth to carry over ten thousand dollars in samples of rings, pearls and diamonds!

"Shall I carry your suitcase to your room, sir?" It was a room-stewart speaking.

"Yes—no I mean," corrected the young salesman quickly. "Thanks just the same, but I'll take it there myself."

From behind a large ventilator a head, decidedly brunette, protruded. As Hal walked by, going to his room, it scrutinized the swaying suitcase for a name and was rewarded.

He stopped in front of stateroom No. 17 and entered. While unpacking his suitcase, contrary to his collegiate training, he arranged the articles carefully in the drawers. From the bottom of the grip he drew a strongbox. A rapid knock sounded on the door. Getting up he opened the door. There stood a young girl, a perfect brunette. With a lightning glance she swept the room. For a moment her eyes rested on the strongbox.

"I beg your pardon," she apologized, "but did you see a little poodle about?"

"Why I'm sorry, but I haven't seen—"

"Ah! There's the little darling under the bed. Come out Tomkins!"

Out from under the bed came the missing lap-dog.

"Well, I'll be; how did he get under there I wonder!" laughed Hal. He looked at the open port hole but this sample of dog could never have jumped that high. Had some one put him in as a joke? He put the problem out of his mind with a laugh as he turned to the girl.

"Won't you come in some other time when I'm at greater convenience to receive visitors?"

"I will, to thank you for finding my little pet here," she smiled. Before he could answer, she had vanished.

When Hal was at college he had a decided weakness for Blondes, but this little girl seemed to even up matters.

All the next day he seemed very interested in watching the water go by the side of the ship. In fact, he stood at the rail several hours at a stretch staring at the swirling waters below. The next day he felt much better. In the evening they cruised through tropical waters turned to liquid silver by the brilliant moon. Hal found her seated in a deck chair. Under the romantic setting the youth was completely captivated. Thawed out by his emotions and wishing to tell her his station in life, he gradually told her the secret he promised his father he would guard. The listener portrayed no emotion when he mentioned the jewels. Hal was glad to see that, then she wasn't a "gold digger!"

After she had finished her little story Hal knew she wasn't one. Her father was Silveria, the cattle king of the Pampus Land.

"Father has a large house in Rio de Janeiro, so while you are stopping in the city won't you come and stay with us?" she invited.

"Well I don't think my father—"

"Besides, Dad's been thinking of buying some jewels for me as soon as I get back from the States, and you could easily get the deal."

This got him. What would Dad say if he carried back a princely order besides the one sent for? This was the thought that made him accept and trust this little girl.

The steamer was entering that picturesque harbor of Rio de Janeiro. It was close to noon when the gangplank was placed. Together they walked down it to the pier, Hal clutching his suitcase tightly. They were out in the street when she make a grab at her left wrist.

"My wrist watch! I left it on the dresser in my cabin," she gasped.

"Hold this suitcase, I'll have it here in a few seconds," Hal told her, depositing the suitcase at her feet. He had acted on impulse and the jewels in the suitcase had escaped his mind.

Hal Sterling came running up to the spot where he left her to tell the girl the wrist watch was gone. She had vanished with the suitcase!

For days he searched, not daring to write home to his father telling him how he had been "roped in by a bobbed brunette." After a week of fruitless searching, and after receiving several telegrams from his father regarding the deal, he wired back what had happened. The grief stricken youth could already see the sneers and hear the snickers of the other salesmen.

In his room Hal received the following telegram:

"Dear Son. You've learned your lesson. Every good salesman has learned his, only has not gotten off so cheap. Meet Goodrich, our star salesman, on next boat coming in from San Francisco. He has real jewels, yours were just paste."

—JOSEPH F. CLAUSE, '30.

GEORGE STERLING

"The world has lost a fine spirit. Freedom and directness of thought and expression has lost a champion." Such was the tribute paid to California's poet laureate, San Francisco's most noted poet, and probably the most famous of all California's poets, George Sterling.

Certainly, to read his poetry is to conclude that Sterling was a genius, a true poet in the critical sense, as well as the popular. Perhaps that statement may sound strange in face of the quotation that introduced this article. But recalling what the average person's concept of a poet is, and reviewing his rather unique and strange life, it is easy to see that Sterling's life was essentially one of eccentricities and full of liberties and freedom, attributes which most people associate with a poet, be he a genius or of just average ability.

But that Sterling was a genius and a poet of far more than average ability there is no doubt. Numerous critics have pronounced him one of the best poets of our age. Though Sterling was of the modern era, his works, in the light of style and subject, place him in a period of time very remote and then again in another period not so long ago. From his personal life one might get the impression that Sterling's poems would tend of things modern in thought as well as expression. But such was not the case. Sterling was a classicist in tradition as well as form. A very notable characteristic of his was that he hated and disdained writing to meet the current fashions. Proof of this is gotten from his poems "Truth," "Rosamund," and "Lilith," formidable dramatic poems, which, quoting, "were done in the grand 'Hyperion' style of Keats, and not approached by any other singer in the land."

Most people give due credit to Sterling's published volumes, "The Testimony Under the Suns," "The House of Orchids," "Beyond the Breakers," "The Caged Eagle," "Sails and Mirage," but few mention his "Wine of Wizardry." The poems first mentioned are long poetical works which are frequently compared with poems, at least as to style and form, if not in value and worth, of an age in which many of our notable English poets flourished. But to my mind, Sterling's "Wine of Wizardry" takes me back to a period in which one of the oldest of the greatest poets lived and the time was so long ago that little is known of his life and wroks. But today there exists one poem of his which gives me the opinion that Sterling was influenced by and had it in mind when he wrote his "Wine of Wizardry." The title itself suggests the poem which has come down to us through the ages and to which I am referring. It was the masterpiece of Omar Khayyam. Certainly, Sterling's work is not the equal to that of his very distant predecessor, but still the likeness, the same characteristics, the beauty of expression, the almost exact philosophy exists as common in the two. "The Rubaiyat," as we find in that excellent translation by Edward Fitzgerald, is far superior to Sterling's work, both in poetic and philosophic merit, though many may not agree with the philosophy as expounded by Omar Khayyam in his masterpiece. Still, to me at least, the likeness is so apparent and notable that if Sterling had written no other poem but his "Wine of Dizardry," he would still be proclaimed as one of the greatest of the poets of this day and age.

"Sterling was one of the last of the free artists. Beethoven once said that they were the only happy men in the world. Certainly Sterling was happy. Such charming fellows make life more bearable among us. They stand against the idiotic strivings of a vain and preposterous age. The things they admire, in the arts as in life itself, are genuinely admirable. They know the high value of simplicity. They are without guile. The world would be happier if there were more of them." Such was a tribute paid to Sterling after his death by Mencken.

A more common human touch to the better view of Sterling's life is that it is said of him that he was at the constant call and beck of friends. It is also said that he gave what little money he had at his command to struggling artist companions. If such is so it is worth remarking for he spent a good deal of his life living in comfort through the charity of his friends. In fact, at the time of his death he was living, free of cost, at the exclusive artists' club, the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. Years ago, it is said that he was a guest for a long time at the open house of Jack London at Glen Ellen.

Think what one may of his life, the method he chose to die is certainly not to be admired. "He was a true pagan, a creature torn by love of beauty and by pain at the human spectacle," was a friend's word of praise for Sterling. That is a fine thing to say of him in regard to his works, but as a man we cannot agree with that. And truly Sterling chose a very pagan way to end his life. Most men would usually pity such an individual for committing suicide, and find very little in it to admire. Yet, Mencken found something in Sterling's self-extermination not only to admire but something about which to give praise. Speaking of his life and death, Mencken wrote:

"—a good life—and a good death. It was (speaking of Sterling's tempestuous mode of living) the proper life for Sterling. It kept him a boy until he was fifty-seven. It was the knowledge that he could not enjoy that kind of existence any more, because of his rapidly failing health, that led him to take his own life. Of that I feel sure. I am not sorry for George Sterling in death. Why should one be sorry for one that is dead? They have reached everlasting peace."

As Christians it is impossible for us to agree with Mencken. That would be asking too much of us. And I think that even Sterling himself would not agree with him. There is an oft-quoted saying of Sterling's taken from one of his poems. Its meaning is very significant and I believe that it was a subjective thought of his which was in reaction to the mode and manner in which he was living.

(Continued on page 7, column 4)

Drama

I. R. McVAY

THE HEAVEN TAPPERS

WE HAD heard that "The Heaven Tappers" had been stamped with the classification of melodrama, a fact to be taken as an oddity in these days of farce and psychological stuff. There is no disappointment; action was served aplenty, and the appeal was quite muscular. Here was no fantasy that would leave an audience puzzled with its mixed and perhaps distracted reactions from what it had just seen; nor was here an "ultra" affair, dipped in psychology to give it a rather exquisite taste for the audience, to whom such grains of sweetness are a standard diet, but here was one of those dashing, lively dramas whose marvels are matters of fact and not of the imagination. In rapid succession the fare was served, a succession of prisons, crooks, corn whiskey, hot rampage, quick death; all very hoarse, coarse, and quite plain, to be climaxed in the end by sweet sentimentality. But now and then we were allowed a bit of quiet pensiveness. Certain necessary bits of exposition were responsible for a drop in the suspense, which fact we felt sure was not intended as such by the authors. Thus it was that during the time when certain characters relieved themselves of information essential to the progress of the play that the decline of interest was noticeable and the play became less dynamic. This interruption was hardly meant to be by way of contrast with the brisk movement to which we had been accustomed, it was rather an awkwardness of structure. It fulfilled a purpose, however, since we were allowed a bit of relaxation as a result.

However subservient it may be to the force of mere action, there is in the conception of this drama a psychological foundation. The authors write, "One of man's leading traits is what is known as belief. He is a credulous creature, and is especially susceptible to appeals to his credulity in matters affecting his existence after death. The chain of these beliefs includes many which offer a challenge to a sane man's credulity. Nowhere are so many persons of sound intelligence in all practical affairs so easily led to follow after crazy seers and charlatans as in the United States. . . The truth is that the mind of man refuses to be shut out absolutely from the world of higher abstractions, and that, if it may not take its way hither under proper guidance, it will set off even at the tail of the first ragged street procession that passes. More than sincerity and earnestness are required to distinguish the true from the false. . . But the false does not peril the true."

This theme of credulity is offered in the drama as the motivation that prompts a certain crook to prey on the sensitive souls of a group of Blue Ridge Mountain moonshiners. With this theme as a basis, we hardly expected at the beginning of the play the situations that followed. We had psychology and action, melodrama and comedy, sheer farce, and drama, and back again to the melodramatic happy ending.

Our drama opened in a prison cell occupied by a confidence man and a captured leader of a band of moonshiners. The confidence man, through a trick, is given his release after he has made the acquaintance of the moonshiner. Release meant the birth of a new scheme to his crooked mind, and in the next act the nature of it all is revealed to us. In a now almost forgotten outdoor set, with the usual woodwings, whistling birds, etc., the crook is revealed as the heard of a gang consisting of a middle aged gentleman, bald headed and inclined toward strong drink and a conservative disposition, a young woman, both shrewd and hardboiled, who has found the confidence game a profitable one, and a young Iatin who becomes frightened at the nature of the game they are to play, and will have nothing to do with the affair at hand, but condems it and leaves.

The scheme afoot arises from the fact that during the reign of prohibition these moonshiners have become enormously rich, and their profits have never been banked, but remain in their keeping. The object of the crooks is to secure the money and the means will be through an appeal to manifestations of religious need that are keenly alive in such minds. Knowing that the moonshiners will have nothing to do with the ordinary "preacher," the worthies intend to strike at the superstitious nature of the people and thereby gain admission to the group.

The woman turns the trick, but the gentlemen of the mountains are ever suspicious of strangers, and no little opposition is brought to bear against the "preachers," so it becomes necessary for the woman to cast a charm over the leader. She does, but he believes her to be pure and undefiled, and really becomes convinced of the beauty of religion and from this we get a really dramatic situation. But instead of smooth sailing there comes an ominous note when the ex-leader of the gang returns after having escaped from prison. This means fast work; a quick cleanup is necessary. Here Fate introduces a few shots, some of bad liquor, and some of lead, which spells the end of the affair for the male section of this confidence game. The authors of course could not be indifferent to the misery of the hero and the heroine, and in a sentimental climax they are united.

It strikes us as odd how we have changed, it would seem today that we laugh at these heroics as being unreal, and jaded taste demand something more real, but only a few years ago this sort of stuff was the very warp and woof of the American theatre; today it's old-fashioned. Goodness, perhaps this may be an indication of this progress we've heard so much about.

THE PEARL OF NUITANE

HAVING first decided we were going to the Curran Theatre to see the production of "Old English," with George Arliss, we had to change our mind, and the result brought us to the Alcazar for "The Pearl of Nuitane." Our reasons for the change were very real, and we would be embarrassed if candor demanded further sacrifice of pride. However, it must be said that this play-going is expensive business at any rate.

We had had it made known to us that "The Pearl of Nuitane" was produced elsewhere, but under a different name, still as that fact proved nothing to us, were in the position of the person who was waiting for developments. Somewhat disconcerting, then, was the first thing we discovered. Our program contributed information which had occasion to remind us that this was the vehicle which had starred the dancing Gilda Grey under the title of "Aloma of the South Seas." Our interest thereby lessened. And again we were presented with an opportunity to admire a wise move of the management in changing the title, for there would have been a decidedly blank effect had the affair been billed with the original title; too many people had seen the motion picture of the same play.

The first act was not very impressive as an introduction into the atmosphere of the languid southern islands, a fact due largely to the artificial results obtained while attempting to show the animal in his natural habitat. Too many people on a stage are apt to clutter it up somewhat, and especially is this true if they are not skilled actors.

"The Pearl of Nuitane" tells the story of a young American disappointed in love, who has landed in the Islands. He proceeds to soak up all the liquor possible, which happens to be his only vice, as he is utterly without confidence in womankind, and civilized or savage, he hates them. He is under the despairing care of an elderly American landowner, who has a distinct love for the young man, and is sorely tried to see him run to ruin. Then one day Aloma enters his life. A burly sailor is attempting to embrace the girl, and the young American knocks him down. For which Aloma becomes enamoured of her handsome champion, and Nuitane, Aloma's native lover, looks very dark and menacing.

Word is received by the elderly American that the next steamer will bring the woman who has caused all of his protege's trouble to pay him a visit with her husband, who is our hero's best friend. The old gentleman gets quite excited over this, and he does not want his boy to have to meet the two, and sends him off to another part of the island with Aloma as his hut-keeper. This condition is made perfectly proper through the fact that the vigilant Nuitane sees to it every night that Aloma goes to her home with him.

But in the course of time the native woman's passionate love breaks forth in declaration to the now reclaimed American. At first he treats her as a child, but with her insistent declarations, admits that she isn't much help to a man trying to reform, and finally, satisfied that he will never leave the island, he resolves to do everything in the proper way and marry Aloma. Complications set in very fast from then on. The girl, whom he had left behind to return and find her married to another, enters upon the scene. Both realize their mutual love, but see the case is hopeless. Thereupon enters a drunken husband, who reveals how it was his scheming that produced all this sorrow, and resulted in his marrying the girl. A fight follows and then a trip over a treacherous lagoon in a frail boat during a wild storm, which ends with the husband being lost, the uniting of the American with the girl he loves, and the claiming of Aloma, fortunately not married yet, by Nuitane.

All of which made at least a fairly plausible drama; light and a bit sentimental, but withal, pleasing.

—I. R. McVAY.

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Sports

RAYMOND J. ARATA, Editor

SAINT MARY'S 7; SANTA CLARA 0

"Rain, rain, go away and come some other day." And it did, but not soon enough to provide a sufficiently dry field to make the Saint Mary's-Santa Clara tilt what everyone had hoped it would be.

On a field of mud the Saint Mary's eleven marched to a seven to nothing victory over their old rival, Santa Clara. Throughout the hard fought game, the Saints managed to maintain the edge. Undoubtedly the "Galloping Gaels" would have won by a larger score and a more spectacular game would have been afforded the spectators, had they had a dry field. The scarcity of fumbles was remarkable, considering the condition of the pigskin. Due praise must be given to "Little Annie" Rooney for his cleverness in catching punts under such conditions.

The first quarter of the game was a punting duel between Jim Underhill and Leonard Casanova, with "Jimmie" winning the contest. Both lines proved so strong that it was necessary for the men with the educated toes to keep their teams out of danger. Undoubtedly, Santa Clara's defense surprised everyone but Saint Mary's, who expected a hard game from the Prune Growers.

In the second quarter "Little Annie" stole the show with his fine punt catching and offensive work. Rooney figured in four out of five plays. Saint Mary's line was holding well with Larry Bettencourt continually smearing plays and throwing Santa Clara for losses.

"Toots" Kasperowicz was called upon in this quarter to carry the ball considerably. The end of this period started the thrills of the game, when Chisholm fell on a blocked punt on the Saints' five yard line.

The superiority of the Saints' line came to the fore in this critical moment. After three attempts failed to pierce the Varsity's line, Cummings tried a wide run and in a flash Al Collins was upon him and threw him for a four-yard loss. This narrow escape aroused the ire of the "Gaels" and they marched forty yards to a touchdown. The Rooney to Underhill pass netted fourteen yards and started the fireworks. Jim Underhill and Toots Kasperowicz worked the ball to the fifteen yard line. Then Rooney carried it to the four yard line. On the next play Kasperowicz went over the line for a tally. Watson sent a perfect ball thru the uprights, giving us a seven point lead. The game ended while we were on our way to another touchdown.

Saint Mary's take their hats off to Leo Rooney, Jim Underhill, "Red" Watson and Al Collins, who played their last and the best game of their lives for their Alma Mater. Their playing was beyond reproach and deserving of the highest praise. "Betsy" Bettencourt removed every shadow of doubt as to who is the best center of the West and proved himself an All-American. "Toots" Kasperowicz was the idol of the hour, making the lone touchdown of the day, and displaying fine playing throughout the whole game. "Pope" Illia and Frank Mulcahy divided honors at right guard, both giving perfect performances on offensive and defensive work. "Smiles" Hicks and Al Tobin added 100 per cent of strength to the line and proved that Santa Clara could get no plays through them. Scarlett and Frankian prevented Santa Clara from making any end runs, and paved the way for many of the Saints' plays. "Sparky" Farrell displayed good judgment as a signal caller and ran fine interference for the ball carriers. Merrick and O'Gorman made some long gains in the last part of the game and would have given the Saints another touchdown had time permitted.

The great strength of our line showed up when Santa Clara was held for four downs on our five yard line. Our great backfield proved itself when they crashed through the Broncos' line for a touchdown.

Again Saint Mary's tames the Bronco and gives us a majority of wins over Santa Clara, having won 5 games to the Broncos' 4.

—E. S.

When in Want
SEE "DEV"
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3054 BROADWAY

SAINT MARY'S WHIPS FRESNO STATE

In most games it is a rule that "slips don't count," but in the Saint Mary's-Fresno State Teacher's game, they did count, and prevented the Saints from winning by a large score.

On the kick-off Leo Rooney caught the ball, ran it back to the fifty yard line, and slipped on the soft field. After a few end runs, which proved futile, our Varsity took to the air, and, by a series of forward passes, worked the ball down to the fifteen yard line. At this point Mulcahy place kicked and gave us a three point lead.

In the second half the team showed great strength and made two touchdowns. Frankian blocked a punt and ran twenty yards to the goal line for the first tally of the day. Mulcahy converted, adding the extra point. In the same period Jimmy Underhill bucked the line for another touchdown, making the score sixteen to nothing in our favor.

In the fourth quarter the slips were working again. Watson picked up a fumble and ran forty yards to a touchdown, but was called back for offside. A few minutes later Frankian recovered a ball from Fresno and raced to a touchdown, but was called back because the whistle had blown. The final gun sounded soon after these two mishaps.

During the course of the whole game the ball was in Fresno territory and the fighting Irish showed their superiority throughout. The score would have been considerably more had the Saints played on a good field.

Collins, Frankian, Watson, Illai, Tobin and Hicks played the usual fine game that has given them wide recognition as one of the strongest lines on the Coast. Scarlett, Knowles, Mulcahy and Murphy gave a fine account of themselves and indicated that the Saints will have another wonder team next year. Mulcahy contributed a goodly share of points, and Murphy did some expert work on defense and offense. "Bettsy" Bettencourt substantiated his claim for All-American center without a doubt, performing brilliantly throughout the contest. Jimmy Underhill and "Little Annie" Rooney played their usual stellar game with the able assistance of Farrell and Kasperowicz. Johnson and Merrick upheld the Varsity's usual standard when called upon.

The winning of the game gave us the championship title of the Far Western Conference. —E. S.

Christmas Vacation Event

Starting this week, and continuing until December 20, the Smart Shop extends to ST. MARY'S men an unusual opportunity—

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This event is by way of celebrating the close of the Fall school year, and the acquaintanceship of this College Man's Shop with an ever increasing number of St. Mary's students.

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GEORGE GOOD, '27

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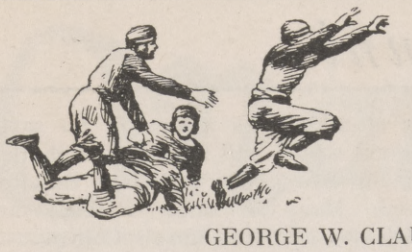

Sports

GEORGE W. CLAUSE ED SMIDDY

BASKETBALL

Under the watchful eye of Louis "Dutch" Conlan, one of the greatest basketball players to ever represent Saint Mary's in the annals of its history, the Freshmen and Varsity basketball candidates have been going thru a series of conditioning processes. Exercises in the handling of the ball and hard scrimmages have been the order of the day whenever Coach Conlan has taken the floor. Conditions, however, are somewhat chaotic, as the continuation of the football season has interfered materially with progress on the court. Some of last year's veterans are among those listed on the Varsity football squad and so they find it almost impossible to devote any of their time to basketball. "Dutch" has taken full charge since "Slip" is busy enough with the pigskin end of our athletic program.

One of the biggest surprises of the year is the exceptionally large Freshman turn-out for basketball. At the last practice session there were at least thirty of the first year men who took part. From present appearances we are to have an excellent Frosh aggregation. Games have already been scheduled with the California and Stanford Babes, so our Frosh will have an opportunity of making a name for themselves in basketball circles; a win over either or both of these teams would certainly boost their stock.

Among the Varsity men who have reported for practice up to date are: Lein, Tazer, Bill, Johnson, Linares, Driscoll, Cunningham, Skarich, Phil Murphy, Jack Keefe and Cleary. "Come up and see me" Lein, who by far is "not too big," gives every indication of continuing the excellent work at standing guard that made him the sensation of the season last year. "Fairy" Tazer looks the "berries;" he has improved even over last year, and you know what that means. At the present time "Pinkey" Linares looks to be the logical running mate for Tazer. "Pinkey" surprised all the boys with his accurate shooting in the practices that have already taken place; he has improved fully a hundred per cent in his shooting this year. Then there is that scintillating trio from last year's Freshman team, Cunningham to Driscoll to Skarich; each one of these boys possesses the goods, and we expect at least one of them to break into a regular berth on the Varsity. "General" Cleary, sometimes known as "Old Ironsides," has also donned the court togs once again. Now we come to the two men who have furnished all the thrills of the practices, they are two representatives of the Saint Mary's Beef Trust; these two representatives, Keefe and Murphy by name, were elected unanimously at the last meeting of the previously referred to association. Up to the present time they have been successful in stealing the show; they are awaiting further orders from the "big bosses."

Although basketball has started much earlier this year than ever before, it looks as though the Varsity will go into its initial big game with the Stanford quintet a bit unprepared. This statement is made with the idea in mind that the Saints are to play a post-season football contest in the latter part of December; at the present time such a game is practically assured. The Stanford game would leave only a week's practice after the first of the year, since it is to take place on January 8. The football players will not be able to practice till around the first of the year, thereby preventing the development of a real representative combination till that time. Furthermore examination week may cause another break. So we see that, though off to a good start, the Varsity basketball team's progress is due for some serious retrogression. Overcoming these obstacles is the task ahead of the players and the coach.

—J. R. A.

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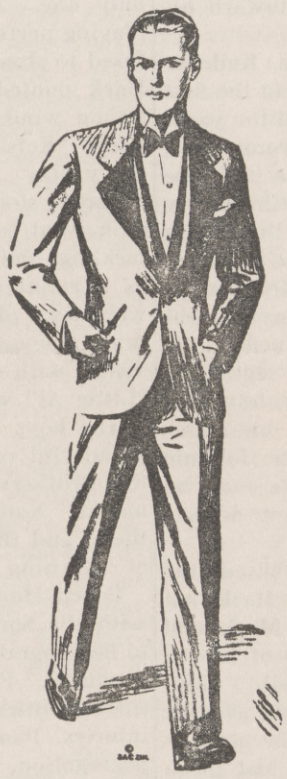
CUT BACKS

With the close of the national intercollegiate football season has come the copious selection of various All-American teams by "authorities" in all sections of the country, and with the publication of these selections has come an appreciation of the magnetic personality of the late Walter Camp. This season each All-American combination means just another impetus for arguments all over its range of application and disapplication; it means nothing more. When Walter Camp made his selections the public acknowledged them as "the" choices. Of course there was some argument over every position in different sections of the country, but underlying each argument was the idea that Camp's choices were the "last word." And so they were.

Out from the East comes the report that "Red" Strader, our All-American fullback of 1924, intends to come West as soon as he finishes the season with the Chicago Bulls professional football team, with the hope of joining Bart Macomber's Oakland Acorns.

If Ted Shipkey and Morton Kaer are criterions of what first team All-Americans should be, and surely they are since they were almost unanimous selections, Bettencourt, Underhill and Rooney are our selections for an "All-World All-Sport" team. This is not stated in order to take away any glory from either Kaer or Shipkey, who really deserve the positions accorded them. But it is the opinion of the writer that it is an injustice to these three Saint Mary's men to receive such treatment as they have. Bettencourt received an honorable mention on one of the teams while Rooney and Underhill have been entirely overlooked. Both Underhill and Rooney do everything a back can possibly do; they excell in a running attack, at both ends of the passing game, are reliable interference runners and are both consistent and efficient kickers. Morton Kaer is one of those backs who is alright if you give him the ball, otherwise he is a non-entity. He made such an enviable record in scoring points because in the entire Trojan backfield, only two backs ever carry the ball. The other backs are supposed to specialize in interference running, and they do. Kaer is also an accurate passer, but he doesn't outshine Jimmy or Leo in this department. Nor does he outshine them in maneuvering through an open field or in sliding off-tackle. Yet Kaer gets first team All-American recognition while Underhill and Rooney get never a "tumble." Bettencourt is probably Saint Mary's claim to All-American recognition. Even authorities on the Coast will admit that he is the best man out here in years. Yet in a year that is supposed to be noted for the absence of outstanding centers, as some of the critics have put it, Bettencourt has to be content with an honorable mention. In the recent Carnegie Tech-Notre Dame game, Carnegie made several three and four yard gains through the center of the line, with Boeringer in the game. Boeringer, the Notre Dame center, is another almost unanimous choice for first team All-American honors. Have you ever seen anyone gain through Bettencourt during the entire season? Have you ever seen "Betsy" make such an offensive miscue as a bad pass? This is written before all the selections have been made; by the time of publication most of them will be made. Time alone remains to tell if these three All-American candidates receive worthy and just recognition.

—J. R. A.

$50  $50

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Saint Mary's High School

SAINTS DEFEAT BRONCOS

Led by Captain Mark Noonan, the Preps registered a well-earned victory over Santa Clara on Saturday, November 13. The High School showed enough superiority over the young Broncos to score a 12 to 7 win.

The first quarter ended with neither team having gathered a touchdown, but on the first play of the second period "Doc" McGettigan ran twenty yards over the goal line. The second quarter proved to be Santa Clara's best stanza and Garcia bucked the ball to a touchdown after recovering a fumble. The Missions' convert was good and at halftime they were leading, 7 to 6.

The "Trotting Terrors" came back with blood in their eyes in the second half and after running the ball to Santa Clara's forty-yard line, O'Donnell broke loose and zig-zagged his way for another score, the attempted pass was blocked, and the score stood 12 to 7 for the remainder of the game. The play was entirely in Santa Clara's territory in the second half and toward the end Sibert, end for the Preps, electrified the crowd by intercepting a pass and running twenty yards toward his opponents' goal.

Doc McGettigan and Joe Kelleher started at halfback positions in the first half. Doc and Joe accounted for yards and yards off tackle and around end, and they seemed unstoppable until the gun ended the half. Barney Clougherty suffered a fractured leg in the fourth quarter and until that time he had been cracking guard and tackle for consistent gains. Barney has played real football all season and the coach, the team and the student body regret his misfortune. John O'Donnell, however, was the outstanding player on either team. In the third quarter Johnnie was everywhere. He ran the ends, he bucked the line and he threw numerous passes.

Captain Mark Noonan caused the Broncos no little worry. Mark not only knows how to punt, block and tackle, but he is also aware of how a back should run with the ball. "Skipper" returned the punts for an average of twenty yards, and would-be tacklers slipped off him as if he had been greased for the channel swim.

Not all the glory goes to the backfield for every lineman on the squad turned in an excellent performnace. Joe O'Leary, Barney Fortney, Al Almada and "Silver" Money charged in on every play and made many a tackle behind the line of scrimmage. Joe and Barney are roommates and the general impression of those who saw them play is that they must have made some secret arrangement between them for wherever the man with the ball was, so also were Joe and Barney. And we must not forget the work of Pat Kisick. Pat is not only a spectacular guard but he is consistently spectacular and plays hard always.

A CLOSE ONE

On Thanksgiving day the "Sparkling Saints" journeyed to Sacramento where they met and defeated the Christian Brothers College by a count of 13 to 12. With all due credit to the Brother's team, the Preps outplayed them in every department save one, and it was only due to a wet field and wetter officiating that the score was so close.

Joe Kelleher accounted for both scores after doing most of the ball-carrying and Mark Noonan converted both times, but the referee allowed only one. Joe and Mark had been playing perfect football all day and refused to stop trying until the final gun. Mark punted time and again into a strong wind for fifty yards and more while "Kels" averaged six yards on every play. In the second half, when the score stood seven to nothing, Champion went in at left halfback and his tackling and passing, with O'Donnell as a running mate, were things that were very pleasant to look at. In the line Alamada, Fortney, and Money shone, with every fan wondering how "Little Al" was getting through.

The boys are still talking about the wonderful reception afforded them by the Brothers and the team at Sacramento. Nothing seemed too good for them, and the players entertain hopes of returning next year.

Coach Hungerford closed his season with the Sacramento game, and he is to be congratulated on the team he has produced. From a team lacking practice facilities and overburdened with injuries, Paul has built a formidable aggregation. It has been his first year as a high school coach at Saint Mary's, but it will not be his last, and once again we congratulate him.

—F. LYNCH.

Alumni

SYLVESTER ANDRIANO

At a convention of the Alumni of the Catholic Colleges and Universities of the United States recently held in Philadelphia, Sylvester Andriano, '11, made a very wise suggestion to the effect that Catholic institutions should inject more of the cultural element into their Alumni bodies, that Alumni organizations, generally speaking, have too much interest in social activities and that one of the primary purposes of the Alumni of any Catholic institution is to assist in the development of Catholic higher education.

Sylvester Andriano is one of the many of the Alumni of Saint Mary's College who has the cultural as well as the scoial welfare of Catholic organizations at heart. He was one of the principal speakers on the occasion of the dedication of the Serra Statue in the Museum of Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco.

ANSELM T. DUFFY

Anselm T. Duffy, '91, who has been associated with the Hibernia Bank for many years, evidences his interest in College affairs by his presence at all gatherings in which Saint Mary's has connection. His son, Jerome, recently passed the State Bar examinations.

THE PAULIST FATHERS

The Paulist Fathers of Old Saint Mary's Cathedral of San Francisco have shown in a very concrete way their appreciation of the work of the Christian Brothers in their work of higher Catholic education by collecting at all Masses a sum of no small amount which will form a contribution for the Saint Mary's College Building Fund. Many of these Fathers are graduates of Saint Mary's College.

FRANK V. SMITH

A most encouraging communication was received from Frank V. Smith, an alumnus of the College, who congratulated the College and its students on the many achievements gained recently. Frank Smith tells us that while we hardly realize it, every new victory for Saint Mary's, whether in athletic fields or elsewhere, makes each alumnus feel the warm pleasure of old associations and once more recalls to him the happy years that he spent at College. And in connection with athletics, Smith asserts that if any of the old teams had marched into a stadium with sixty thousand spectators looking on, the plyaers would have had "stage-fright."

It was Frank Smith with Bill McStay who first started The Collegian under the guidance of Brother Agnon. Frank Smith recalls the day when he borrowed an old horse and buggy from some kind-hearted friend and solicited the first advertisements for the College paper.

Guichard '08

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On and Off Campus

THE NATIONAL STUDENT CONGRESS

During the past month Saint Mary's College has added another achievement to her efforts to win the recognition she deserves among the educational institutions of the country, by appointing a delegate to represent the college at the Second Annual Congress of the National Student Federation of America, to be held at Ann Arbor, Michigan, December 2, 3 and 4.

Some time ago an invitation was extended to Saint Mary's to send a representative of the Student Body to this meeting, but due to the fact that he convenion was to be held such a great distance away and at a time so close to final examinations, it was at first considered impossible to accept. However, through the efforts of the Dean, Bro. Lawrence, and the student committee, the difficulties were overcome and arrangements were made to have the Student Body choose a delegate. At a special meeting Alfred P. Collins of the class of '27 was appointed to represent Saint Mary's.

The Student Body cannot be commended too highly upon the selection of Mr. Collins for this task. A member of the Senior class, one of Saint Mary's best students, and above all, one who has the interests and well being of his college at heart, Mr. Collins is the right man in the right place, and we can all rest assured that any part he may be called upon to perform in the business of the Congress will be well done, and the interests of Saint Mary's well cared for.

The National Student Federation does not intend to be merely another organization added to the great list of societies of our country having indefinite aims and vague methods. On the contrary, it hopes to assist in the vital needs of students and contribute to the success of American education.

To do these things the Federation purposes the following:

1. To achieve a spirit of co-operation among the students of different colleges throughout the country to the end that the experience of one shall inure to the advantage of all.
2. To develop understanding between the students of America and foreign countries.
3. To further an intelligent student opinion on questions of national and international importance.

A striking example of the work done by the Federation, which may particularly interest us at Saint Mary's, may be seen through the following passage taken from the report of the investigation of the question of compulsory chapel, carried on by the Federation:

"That the undergraduate far from being more atheistic or insensible to religion today than he was 25 years ago, has now a clearer perception of the relation of religion to life and social service, is the most striking conclusion to be drawn from the nation-wide survey of compulsory chapel, conducted by the National Student Federation of America. The investigation, the result of which embraced every state but two in the country, included the sending of questionnaires to the college presidents, and the undergraduate editors of the nation, as well as to a representative group of ministers who appear frequently before college assemblies of various types. Following is the report issued by H. C. Rose, Princeton, Chairman of the Federation Committee on Compulsory Chapel:

"The investigation on the subject of compulsory chapel carried on by the National Student Federation of America, has been conducted throughout in an entirely impartial spirit, which has aimed rather to discover the facts of the situation than to foster a revolt of youth or to assume an ultra-conservative stand. With this in view, questionnaires were distributed to the number fo 600 each to the college presidents and to the undergraduate editors of the country, in addition to 25, which were sent to representative college preachers. The relatively large response received from the college presidents seems to indicate, when compared with the scattering student replies, that the agitation among undergraduates on the subject of compulsory chapel is not so widespread as one might have been led to believe."

Student activities in work such as manifested by the investigation described above show that the Student Federation is not wasting its time on mere extra-curricula problems, but that steps are being taken to attain a better and clearer understanding of the vital problems confronting college students of today. For this reason we at Saint Mary's are heartily in favor of contributing our support to such a worthy organization, and proud of the fact that our college is represented at its conventions and associated with its work.

—R. F. F.

CHARLEMAGNE CLUB

The second general meeting of the Charlemagne Club was held on Wednesday, November 17. Recitations in both French and German, and talks on French and German literary figures were given by members, a prize being awarded for the best offering in each division. Prizes were awarded to Mr. Augello of the French division, who gave an excellent recitation of a short story. Mr. Lloyd was awarded the prize in the German division.

The club was fortunate in having Brothers Stephen and Edward as its guests. Brother Stephen acted as judge for the awarding of the prize in the French division, while Mr. Woerner acted in the same capacity for the German division.

FOOTBALL TEAM IS FETED

The annual luncheon in honor of our football team, sponsored by the A. P. G. U., was given at the Elks' Club, Tuesday noon, November twenty-third. The usual program of having a meal that was in keeping with training rules for the football team was followed, and after the inner man had been teased by the chefs of the Elks' Club, all drew back their chairs to listen to the program that had been prepared by President Carroll of the A. P. G. U.

Brother Lawrence was the first speaker, and he emphasized the importance of the training that the fellows on the football team were receiving, how they were being trained to make better Americans and better Catholics, by the fighting qualities and sportsmanship that "Slip" Madigan develops in his team and players. He was followed by Brother Agnon, who gave his usual clever, peppy, and inimitable talk. Mr. Flynn, the chief speaker of the day, who is the president of the San Francisco branch of the alumni association, told of the work of the U. S. Government in persistently keeping the goal before its mind, when it has a task to perform, and how our football team has done the same, thus being able to go through the season undefeated.

Coach Madigan gave a few words. Underhill was announced as the captain for the game, so Jim was cheered to his feet and assured every one that his team would come off the field undefeated.

(Continued from page 2)

"Deeper into the darkness can I peer than most, yet find the darkness still beyond."

Just what did he mean by that sentence? Perhaps I may not construe those words as Sterling meant them, but surely can not one say that his meaning was that he was seeking something in the beyond and he was not satisfied with what he saw there in relation to his life and that of his friends. What was that darkness, that want? Was it Christianity? If so, can we glory with Sterling in death and for a moment think that he has reached "everlasting peace?" There is added reason to think that Sterling was searching for that something when it is recalled that he received his early education and start in the poetical world from Father Tabb, the gentle poet-priest of nature.

In conclusion, no matter what one may think of his life and death, we should remember him for his poems. It was said of Byron "to forget the man and remember his works." Apply this to Sterling would result in a favorable opinion. Especially should San Francisco revere him for he was "San Francisco's own" and poet laureate.

—CLARENCE LEAL, '28.

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Books

MARK AIKIN

CREWE TRAIN

Rose Macaulay
Boni & Liveright, New York

On the fly-leaf of the volume, below the title is printed the couplet—

"Oh, Mr. Porter, whatever shall I do?
I meant to go to Birmingham and they've sent me on to Crewe."

The point of the jingle lies in that the Crewe referred to is a melancholy and desolate hamlet beyond Birmingham in England, and to be carried past the one and left off at the other is indeed something to complain about.

As the title implies, the couplet explains the tenor and theme of the story, it concerns Denham, a young woman with uncivil and barbarian inclinations who vainly struggles against the implacable civilizing forces of the world, but in the end is compelled to be what she detests and do what she has no heart for.

Denham is a pitiable anomaly. She is unresponsive and apathetic in a world of wild enthusiasm, passionate credulity, and vehement, though senseless, activity. It puzzles her that everyone should be engaged in what seems to her some senseless form of activity, forever rushing about, writing books, talking politics, getting up "movements," proselytizing, squabbling and moiling. Sre dully regards such people as fools and idiots and their talk of reforming the world, doing their duty and advancing the race as so much sickening tosh and rubbish. Her one desire is to be let alone to follow her own inclinations without being put to the necessity of digging up excuses for what she is pleased to do. Hers is the barbarian mind and the only standard it knows is the primitive one of personal satisfaction.

The encroaching world, however, will not suffer such individualism to endure. Its implacable dictum "fall in line" must be obeyed, and before long Denham finds herself married to an orthodox young man who is as unappreciative of her viewpoint as she is of his. Assailed on all sides and in spite of herself she is borne into the detestable maelstrom of respectable convention and must perforce strike out and raise as great a pother of froth and foam as her neighbor.

The idea is an old one and has come in for a great deal of consideration which has lately taken form in the complaints about industrialism. With all deferance to Miss Macaulay it could hardly be said that she improved appreciably upon past masters in her treatment of the theme. She does write very entertainingly and understandingly and "The phillistines, the barbarians, and those who do not care to take any trouble," to whom the book is dedicated, will find their case masterfully and sympathetically presented.

—J. K. CLARK.

PERELLA

William J. Locke
Dodd Mead & Co., New York

There can be no question as to the relevance of "Perella" as a title for this story, for it is Perella Annaway, the waif, the artist, the demure, yet highly attractive little person, who makes a most vivid impression upon the mind of the rather disconcerted reader. Hers is the most important role in a freshly written tale, which, regardless of its preeminently illustrious author, lacks the force of certain of his preceding works. We love Perella, with her dainty amiable ways, but the plot of the none-too-interesting novel in which she moves, is far from remarkable. Though the story is wholly without action, it is more than rich in the quality of its descriptions. To pass over such a quality lightly would be unfair to the author.

Locke makes his characters appear to live and talk before us. We are given excellent portrayals of men and women,—people who are very human. And more, we find delectable word-paintings of some of the most picturesque places in Europe. Those of Florence especially strike us with the vividness of deftly cut cameos.

"Perella" opens in Italy. We awake in a Florentine atmosphere, and read about a struggling young woman, an artist, who falls in love with a young man of like profession, by name Anthony Blake. It is a love, however, which is destined to suppression and is thwarted by Anthony's desire to secure fame and riches. Their marriage is postponed indefinitely, until Anthony should return a successful artist after a sojourn in America. Time wains, and with it come changes. Anthony, forgetful of his love, marries his American patroness, while the disheartened Perella becomes the wife of an elderly benefactor. But their love for each other has not entirely died, and upon Anthony's return to Europe, its renewed flickerings bring near disaster. Perella is steadfast, however, and denies Anthony in troth to her husband. And thus ends the story, leaving us in a quandary as to the probability of such an outcome. So much for "Perella."

—L. M. COMTE.

"THE SECRET THAT WAS KEPT"

Elizabeth Robins
Harper Bros., New York

Gentle readers, as you will agree, we seldom damn a book. Our policy is one of benign toleration, with a circumspect intermingling of enthusiastic commendation. Whenever we descry a pleasant book, we eulogize it; the mediocre ones, for want of better, we discuss; but our discretion is such that makes us slow to assail the otherwise.

Perhaps we are biased, yet we aver that if a prize were to be accorded the most inane of 1926 fiction, one book, beyond others, would loom prominent among the elect: "The Secret That Was Kept," Brr, what a suggestion of intrigue and suspense! Your very flesh creeps! But alack, this same tale is not more interesting than the conversation at an old women's scandal-bee, and a bee of nasty old women at that! Everywhere is back-biting, and the parading of proverbial closeted skeletons. June Purdey, dimpled though dumb, is the figure about whom the tale oozes (for ooze it does), and to be sure, there is a "past." Jim, or better, Mr. Purdey, is its possessor, and to make things more colorful he must fail in Wall street. Then, at the crucial moment, June finds that she has become disaffected, retired to her cousin's in the south, and weds another upon word of Jim's death. The plot thickens; Jim is not dead; he appears before her, only to be shot by his son—the son who is not June's. Ay, there's the rub! June bears the guilt—secret kept—true loves marry—happy ending. Splendid! You can all but hear the audience sigh as the newly-weds, their lips conjoined, vanish in the fading twilight, and the organ rages "Love's Old Sweet Song." One more scoring for the wonderful, abnegating heroine, and husbands who so obligingly die to make room for the other man.

Miss Robins has made what she fancied to be a daring plunge into realism, but unfortunately she chose to drop into that "ol' swimin' hole" which has been the pet resort of some two generation of scenario- fictionists. The water was slimy, the dive a trifle steep, and our unhappy author came crashing through the surface, most ungracefully, with a metaphorical belly-flop! The story abounds with supposedly unforgettable characters of fiction, with ill-concealed attempts at character-analysis, and with an imaginary understanding of the subtleties of human nature. Yet, in favor of the book let us say that after having read it, there can no longer be half a doubt as to why some books are classics!

—M. A.

AMERICAN HISTORY

Clarence Manion
Allyn and Bacon, 1926

Another text book: If the habit of writing books of this nature increases, they will soon become as common as novels. After reading for so long a time the idyllic bed-time stories that have been handed out to us, we are about ready for a change of some sort, we cannot blame anyone who has studied the originals for trying to express his views on the matter. I believe that we are gradually breaking away from the extremes of previous years—we do not make all our statesmen demigods. America has nothing to fear from a sensible consideration of primary documents. The "real" Washington that has been given to us does not lessen our admriation of the man. We need to have our leaders humanized.

The present book is rather above the average. It is nearer our ideal. The events of history are presented clearly and interestingly, we are not confused by a mass of dates that are soon forgotten, nor is any particular thesis overemphasized. Mr. Manion seems inclined to subdue those happenings in our National story that are rather questionable. He does not bring them forth in bold relief, nor does he allow them to sink into the background. He employs terms that will not shatter the illusions of an uneducated person, but which will prove equivocal on intelligent questioning. The manner in which the causes of the Spanish-American war are handled is indeed clever. However, it is difficult to criticize a work intended for people who are not far enough advanced to realize that all men have their faults—even those in public life of the past. The limitations of the writer are numerous and not easily overcome.

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